

An Hour With Lockhart

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Summary: Err...how would you like to be trapped with Gilderoy Lockhart? Especially if you're in a bad mood...

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Disclaimer: You know the routine. I don't own them, okay?!

>
Summary: A sequel to 'Meetings'. I guess.

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A/N: Yahoo! School's finally over! Now I get to write fanfiction all summer! Well, probably NOT, but still...I'm happy school is done with.

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Rating: PG

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> It was three days before the start-of-term, and morale amongst the staff of Hogwarts couldn't have been higher. That was probably because it was only three days until the students had to share the pain of Lockhart with them.

> Well, of course, the Gilderoy Lockhart Hate Society was still going strong. Nobody ever seemed to be at a loss of things to complain about. Lockhart has stopped bugging them at the meetings, saying that he was honored.

> Why he FELT honored was a whole other story. They say that he thought that the meetings were to say good things about him, such as his many feats and his charming smile. Well, as you know, he couldn't have been more wrong.

> Well, on the same third-day-before-start-of-term, Minerva McGonagall was walking down the hallway, towards the transfiguration room. As all teachers do, she needed to get some before term work done, such as lesson plans. As she walked, she made a mental note to dust off the Sorting Hat. Minerva was not in a very good mood, because she was busy with everything. The last person she wanted to run into was Gilderoy Lockhart, for obvious reasons.

> Well, guess what. She did. She almost ran him over, for she really wasn't looking where she was going. The only way she even knew she ran into was when he said, "Why, hello Minerva!" As you can see, she was very preoccupied.

> At the sound of his voice, Minerva groaned and replied, "Yes, Gilderoy."

> Lockhart merely smiled wider and said, "Well, Well. Somebody sounds cranky! Perhaps you'd care for a Friendliness Brew-"

> "I'll ask Prof. Snape, thanks." Said Minerva pleasantly, hoping she sounded pleasant. If Lockhart didn't notice anything peculiar about you, such as if you're too sad, or angry, he would just say, "All right than, good-bye!" and then hippie-skip away.

> Lockhart continued to grin at her, so Minerva gave him a glare of death, and tried to pass him by. She succeeded, and continued to trek to the classroom, feeling somewhat relieved, and somewhat lucky.

> Minerva was almost positive Lockhart didn't follow her, because she didn't hear any noises. Normally when Lockhart was around you, he jabbered until you couldn't stand it anymore. So, to Minerva, silence was a good sign.

> Soon she arrived at the door to her classroom. She opened it, feeling happy. As frustrating as it might be to prepare for a term, Minerva still liked to teach. She almost skipped to the corner of the room. For some reason, her encounter with Lockhart had reminded her that she had to get some lesson books out of her storage area. The storage area was a small hidden passage in the corner, and almost no one knew that it was there, with the exception of Dumbledore.

> One thing Minerva had to remember about the area was that if you closed it, and you were inside, the door was locked from the inside, and you couldn't get out. Well, actually, you could use your wand, but that was rather a bother.

> She opened the door, and was greeted by the smell of musk. She frowned, and crawled on her knees into the storage area.

> Minerva had only crawled in about 4 feet when she heard a !SLAM! She turned around, and saw Lockhart, again.

> She was so enraged she could barely see straight. She breathed in deeply, and then gasped out, "You, you, you, pathetic moron! Did you know that the door locks from the inside? Oh, wait. I'm sorry. In order to know something, you have to have a brain!"

> Lockhart looked rather shocked. "I can get us out, with a simple floramora wand charm." He dug around in his robes, and then, apologetically muttered, "Well! The old memory's failing me! I wonder what I did with my wand..."

> Minerva glared at him, and then retorted, "Move out of the way. I'll do it." She then dug into her robes, looking for her own wand. She opened her eyes wide, and a cold dread came upon her. "Oh, no. I've left my wand in the classroom! Oh, great! Now I'm stuck here, with you!" She glared at Lockhart, and then quietly added, "It's all your fault, Lockhart."

> Lockhart, however, seemed to be his same, chipper self. He smiled at Minerva, and said, "Why, Minerva! Most fans, such as yourself, would be honored to be caught with me! In a deserted area, too!" Lockhart suddenly looked at her suspiciously. "Now, don't get any ideas. I do have a girlfriend!" Lockhart then fell over dramatically and gasped out, "Oh, NO! I think I've broken Minerva McGonagall's heart! She's had her eye set on me since I was a handsome young man, and now finds out I'm not available!"

>
 He looked at her sadly, and then said, "Well, I know you're sad, so maybe this song I invented will cheer you up! It has a pop beat, but it might sadden you, in our odd position!"

>
 Lockhart suddenly stood halfway up, until his head hit the low ceiling, and began to sing:

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 "Oops! I did it again!

> I played with your heart-."

> Minerva interrupted him by saying, "You did not make that up! That's a Muggle song, by Britney Spears!" She glared at him, and grumbled, "I do teach Muggle studies." (AN: I think she does!)

>
 She then said, "I do NOT have some childish crush on you, and I wish that you'd just shut the hell up!" It was very rare of Minerva McGonagall to swear at somebody, but in this case, she really didn't care.

>
 Minerva turned away from Lockhart to face the wall. She tried to think of some way to get out of there. She sat there for what felt like hours, trying to think of a way out.

>
 Lockhart interrupted the silence and said, "I once encountered something like this in Berlin, Germany-."

>
 Minerva sighed and said, "I really don't care, Lockhart." He slumped against the wall and said nothing. A few minutes later, Lockhart continued, anyway. "I didn't have a wand, so I just did it the Muggle way. I screamed for help." Minerva looked at him in surprise. "Well, for once that it is very good thinking. But somehow, I can't imagine you doing that."

>
 Lockhart ignored her and shouted, "HELP! THE GREAT GILDEROY LOCKHART IS TRAPPED, AND HAS WITH HIM A DASMEL IN DISTRESS!!" Minerva sighed. "Figures." She muttered.

>
 Suddenly the door burst open, and there knelt Albus Dumbledore. "Well, there you are, Minerva! I've been looking all over for you. I wanted to go over some scedures with you. Come out, now!" Minerva eagerly crawled out and walked away, leaving the door of the storage area open for Lockhart to get out.

>
 As soon as they were in the hallway, Dumbledore asked, "Why were you in there?"

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 Minerva smiled, very weakly, and thought to herself, 'Well, at least I'll have something to contribute to the next GLHS meeting...'

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> THE END!!

>GLHS= Gilderoy Lockhart Hate Society

>AN II: Maybe next time I'll write a McGonagall/Lockhart love story! Hey wait, that's a good idea...or not. :)
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